sAty

$1.50

Number 6

When's It Right For A Girl?

What Does A Girl Do With A Cigar?

Pleasure is her life

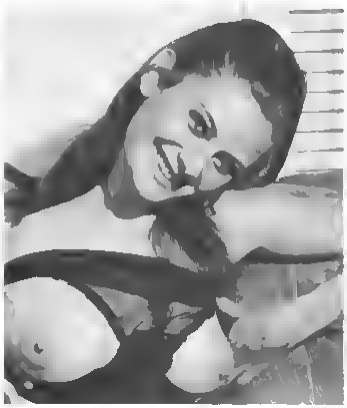


By The Year 2000 There Will Be No Virgins!

SALE TO MINORS FORBIDDEN



SALTY







This issue contains two feature articles of note: A visit to an underground Hollywood sex club by Hollywood's number one all-seeing eye, John Diss, and a biting piece by James Bellaugh concerning the manner in which men have misunderstood the meaning of virginity.

The girls are here, the facts are here and the excitement is here. There's no reason to be anywhere else.

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THE REAL THING



She plans to continue till she's too old to do it



Here's a girl who makes no bones about her plans· she digs guys, and she plans to continue to dig them until she's too old to do anything else.

That's a girl with plans.

It's not as sinister as it sounds. As a registered nurse in an army hospital, Gina Brooker has to dig guys. If she didn't, she'd be out of a job.

Ready for the clincher? Far from being out of a job, Gina received a promotion last week.

Of course, in nursing circles that would be big news. Here, it's just one of those things.

Gina relaxes in her pad after a hard day at the hospital by playing chess and eating great sandwiches that she makes herself.

A survey revealed most guys prefer her to a male nurse







They love her in the army hospital







Her position's got a lot of thought behind it

Pleasure Girl

While her favorite hobby can't be printed, Dora says she's cool



Dora doesn't want any involvement — just a fun time



One of the oldest human guidelines is the pleasure-pain principle. It means, of course, that what causes pain is evil and that what causes pleasure is good. That's what it means. But it's very hard to live up to principles, no matter how pleasant they may sound. For example, Dora Lynn, pictured here, believes strongly in the pleasure-pain thing. But here's how it works out. She eats no exotic dishes, for while it may be pleasurable to taste them, the after effects (she has a weak tumtum) would prove painful. In this case, the pain would outweigh the pleasure, hence Dora subsists on a mixture of warm oatmeal and tepid water. Not too appetizing, but that's life.

As to her dealings with men: she avoids them like the plague. Realizing that the pain of a romance gone sour easily surpasses the pleasure of an affair in high gear, Dora sees no human beings save her eighty year old Mother and a great-aunt who brings her newspapers.

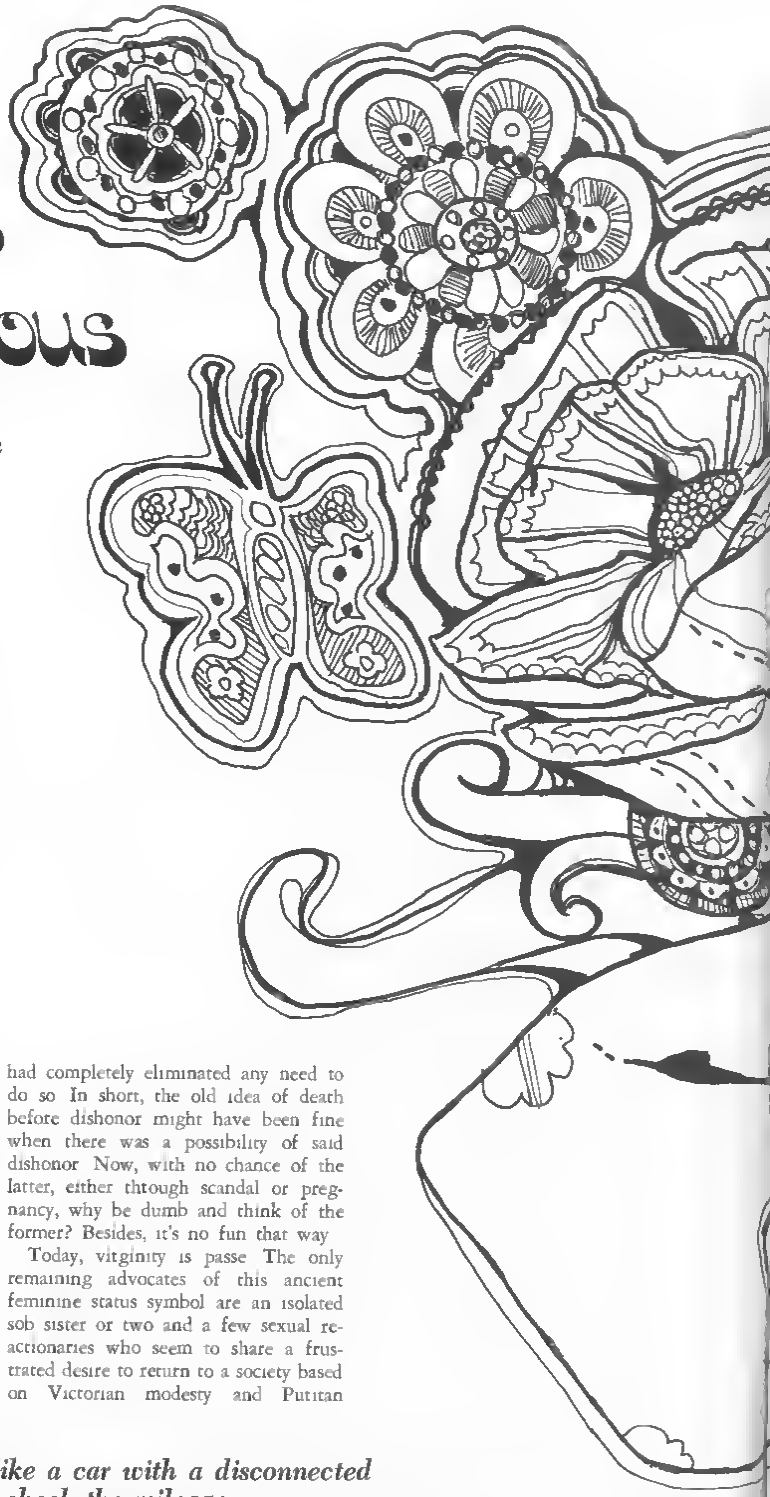
A lonely life, but one of pleasure.

Never one to give a sucker an even break, Dora often dines alone



Virgins Anonymous

Article by James Bellaugh



What evet happened to vitginity? There was a time when it was "the only thing a woman could give' Now, it's something that seems to be reserved exclusively for children and schnooks One contemporary attitude towatd this vanishing sexual phenomenon was recently exptessed by a young woman interviewed in a comprehensive nationwide survey on changing social mores An attractive co-ed at a large western university, she is a campus leadet, sorority president and honot student When asked what the status of her "sexual putity' was, she looked at the intetviewer as if she were an alien from another galaxy 'A virgin!' she said 'You must be kidding The only virgin I know is my kid sister and she's only five."

This answet, coming from a model student and respected young woman, is typical of those now being given by members of both sexes In this survey and other studies conducted among today's younger generation the results seem to show both amazement at and contempt for the maintenance of virginal status

Generally speaking, the men indicated that sexual chastity was no longer a quality desitable in future wives because marriage pattnets should 'know what it's all about beforehand" The women, who had long held a similar attitude with regard to the sown oats of ptospective husbands, claimed that their own virginity was no longet something to be tightly guatded because advanced contraceptive methods had completely eliminated any need to do so In short, the old idea of death before dishonor might have been fine when there was a possibility of said dishonor Now, with no chance of the latter, either thtough scandal or pregnancy, why be dumb and think of the former? Besides, it's no fun that way

Today, vitginity is passe The only remaining advocates of this ancient feminine status symbol are an isolated sob sister or two and a few sexual reactionaries who seem to share a frustrated desire to return to a society based on Victorian modesty and Puritan

A girl with a maidenhead is like a car with a disconnected odometer — there's no way to check the mileage.

[illegible] and pure on the outside, primal and perverted underneath

But what this change in attitude over the past few years? What happened to the noble virgin to make her as outdated as the bundleboard? And, far more important, how did the whole misty and thoroughly phony business get started in the first place?

Anthropologists and historians have shown conclusively that there was absolutely no value placed on virginity by our earliest ancestors As a matter of historic record, there wasn't even a word for this state until relatively late in the evolutionary cycle In those early, happy go-lucky days, virginity was nonexistent among adults If it wasn't terminated willingly at an early age, a high priest was called in to do the job by force Virginity, after a certain age, was like a devil and, as such had to be exercised Everyone knew that virgins were no good to themselves or anyone else — a fact which, sexually at any rate, has weathered the acid test of time

How then was the ideal of virginity conceived? How did chastity become 'clean and carnality dirty?' The fact is that the noble virgin made her dramatic entrance on the social stage along with that not-so-noble and often smelly beast, the domestic cow Her status in civilized society has directly paralleled that of the farm animal and, in turn, the masculine attitude toward the ownership of property

Before domesticating cattle, everyone was too busy grubbing food to worry about hymens or lacks thereof Later, men began to hunt while women remained home to cook Still, food was more important than fornication Finally, men found that it was easier to raise cows for milk and slaughter than to run around all day trying to hunt wild ones

The domestic cow gave rise to the concept of ownership 'I've got more bulls than you have yah, yah, yah!' the chief would say

'Yeah, but mine are fatter'n yours So there!'" the high priest would counter

Finally some smart, but poor, guy would say, Pfuui — they're only *cows* I've got two daughters and — get this — *both* of them are *virgins!*"

Of course, neither the chief nor the high priest knew what he was talking about, but it sounded mighty good, whatever it was The chief offered one cow for both girls, the priest offered two, and soon a nobody with a smart lip found himself the richest fellow in camp

This idea of cows for girls, with slight modifications, became the social tradition of right-thinking sex from the first herd to the last harem Not only that, it was SOP with everyone right up to and including the introduction of the machine The so-called "bride price — which led to the dowry, which, in turn, led to alimony — was considered a matter of necessity in most cultures, for, if property (usually in the form of cows or something of similar value) was offered for a girl, the whole thing transcended careftee lust and became a solid, no-kidding-around-buster business deal

The price assured that the prospective husband could afford to feed the girl because it proved that he owned plenty more cows, reindeer or whatever It also created a bargain in good faith which the girl had to live up to by being in good health That "health," by the way, was not a general thing It applied to four areas and four areas only

(1) The girl had to be attractive and well formed She didn't have to be a raving beauty stacked like a brick pagoda, but she couldn't be a cross-eyed hunchback, either

(2) Her mind had to be sound This only meant she had to appear pretty generally sane, thoroughly ignorant in terms of formal education, and able and willing to do *exactly* what hubby told her to — just like the cow

(3) Her teeth had to be good Why teeth instead of eyesight or fingernails, we don't know Maybe it was a symbolic way of insuring her ability to eat plenty of crow

(4) Finally, and most important, she had to be a certified virgin

If a girl lacked the first three standards of "good health,' she still had a fighting chance for a run at matrimony — as long as she was 'pure Flaws in catgories 1 through 3 could be of natural origin and thus beyond the individual's control If, however, the bride-to-be seemed to have everything else, but lacked that all-important quality blithely called maidenhood, woe unto her in a blivet bag

In those days, a girl only had two choices she could either get married to a guy who tan her life just like her pop had or she could "hie thee to the cribs, baby' and go into the used virginity business That was it and there were no other choices open to her Like the cow, she could either give milk and breed healthy calves or wander on down to the slaughter house.

This situation didn't improve, either, for the more the men thought of collecting cows or land or money, the more they insisted on virginal brides Many so-called civilized societies (notably France, Spain and Hungary) even got into the habit of having their girls inspected prior to marriage just to assure that no frauds were perpetrated in their marriage beds At first, this was done by the high priests, but it was soon discovered that they had a nasty habit of certifying the truth then changing it right away in what they called, "the interests of connubial education Obviously, this was a nasty trick, so the fellows about to marry began to assign the task of bridal examination to groups of old women Later, when scientific knowledge became the big kick, the job was entrusted to another kind of high priest, this time one with a diploma from medical school Doctors were still examining an occasional young lady for telltale signs of unchastity as late as 1938 — and that right here in the USA, usually at the request of a doubtful bridegroom of the old school

This whole idea of inspected and certified "purity' worked fairly well because the women never complained — or if they did, were shut up fast Yet, it only worked at maximum efficiency when the man interested in both cows and purity was willing to stay home and watch them In cultures where they roamed far and wide to collect more property, they soon began to experience certain problems

Men with thieving inclinations began by taking their women along with them Armies started as migrating family groups with all the unmarried daughters intact, and even the early Vikings sailed all over European waters with their wives and daughters along It wasn't that these early females were any good at sailing or fighting, but simply that the men wanted to keep an eye on them

Soon, however, it was discovered that even in a sentry box or on a tiny ship, one (actually two) could find a bit

Continued on Page 66

Mini-skirts And Lace Panties

The trend towards shorter and shorter skirts has produced some activity in an allied field: the panties industry.

It follows that, with more and more of today's girls exposing more and more of their delectable rumps, they'd not want to be seen in last year's panties.

No more saggy elastic, no more heavy duty flannel sets for winter wear. Today's hip chick is into panties that are as exciting as the mini-skirt itself.

Consider: Last year, thirty new panties manufacturers came into existence; the panties counters in leading department stores across the nation are experiencing an upsurge in sales; and people are seeing more panties, beneath the short skirts common today, than ever.

And so the fashion world waited. The grand moment finally arrived. The world's first high fashion panties model was revealed to the world! Her name is Stella Dreling, and she's an New Yorker who entered modeling as a child.

Short skirts

made her what she is











The fashion world is all atwitter with Stella

Panties are to be seen, not heard



Fashion assignments rolled in from around the world. Being the only recognized panties model, Stella was, and is, in great demand. Her earnings for the last part of the year were in six figures.

So another breakthrough has made an improbable lady into a wealthy chick. Not the first time that's happened, and as long as the world continues reeling on its present unpredictable course, certainly not the last time.


She loves her work



Where Hollywood's Freaks get their kicks

I VISITED A HOLLYWOOD SEX CLUB

Article by John Diss

We all hear a lot about the strange happenings in the big cities of today, particularly New York and Hollywood, but very few of us ever have a chance to see it first hand, or even want to. Being a writer, I was naturally curious when a friend of mine confessed she had a taste for some of the more unusual sexual practices. She offered to take me to a private club so I could find out first hand about the lengths some people have to go to get their kicks.

She arranged with the director of the club to have me admitted as a guest. As membership cards cost $1000.00, I was grateful to get in gratis, especially since I later found that one visit would be enough for me — the practices I was to see there were definitely not my thing.

My friend and I arrived about nine o'clock on a Tuesday evening. It was a small club, fashioned after most discotheques, not much different than others in the Hollywood area. There was a bar on one side that could accommodate about fifty people and about twenty-five tables arranged around the dance floor. At the rear there was a small stage where a long-haired band wailed out with the latest "acid-rock" while two bikini-clad girls on platforms on either side of the band gyrated to the beat of the drums.

The crowd seemed to be much older than one would usually find in a bar of this type, but, in view of the nature of activities to come, it was understandable. Many of the audience would later adjourn through a secret passageway to an underground hall where they would take part in those ceremonies that they had paid their thousand-dollar membership fee for. Others who were not in the club were totally unaware what went underground. This was just another discotheque to them.

At ten, several people began leaving, and my date (or hostess if you will) told me it was time for us to make for the underground festivities. We went through the passageway towards the rear exit, but turned through a plain door that would have seemed like a door to a supply room to the unknowing. We proceeded down a long flight of stairs, at the bottom of which was a man checking for identification. We passed on down the hall until we came to an opening covered by a red velvet drape where another man was double-checking the identification.

The furnishings of the downstairs room was considerably more luxurious than those on the main floor. The room was circular in shape with low fluorescent lighting, giving the local an intimate and atmospheric look. As I entered, to my right was a small bar where two topless waitresses in toreador pants smiled at me. There were a few small tables ahead of the bar, but the rest of the furnishings were comfortable lounge chairs and davenports. The stage was about three feet off the floor with walls on three sides. In the ceiling were two powerful spotlights that were focused respectively on two large metal discs, about six feet in diameter, set in the floor of the stage. In the middle of the stage wall, there was an electric clock, registering only minutes and seconds and apparently activated by a push-button. At the end of the stage was an expensive stereo setup.

After about fifteen minutes there seemed to be an air of growing expectancy in this subterranean chamber. I counted about fifty people, of which there were about sixteen couples, the rest stag — their ages running from early twenties to the fifties. All of them were well dressed.

My companion told me not to expect any overt sexual acts. These people were flagellants — those who derive pleasure from the giving and receiving of pain. Every other Tuesday, they gathered to witness a show put on by the leaders of their club. Anything in the way of more intimate sexual encounters were arranged through the people they met at this club, and were usually carried out in the privacy of their homes.

At that moment, a gong rang to signify the start of the evening's festivities. A handsome silver blonde

woman in an orange satin gown came on stage. Her hair was cropped short, and it topped off a stunning figure — about 5 feet nine inches in height — that would put most younger girls to shame. She greeted us with "Fellow dance enthusiasts" which drew great laughter from the audience.

It appeared that the night's entertainment would feature a "spank-athon" in which various members would compete to see who could take the most pain (or, in their case, pleasure). In one category, a team of a husband and wife would oppose another like couple to determine which had the greatest endurance and "danceability." The winner was the dancer who managed to stay on the revolving disc longer than his or her opponent.

Two couples were then called to the stage by the mistress of ceremonies and were introduced as Don and Betty, Brad and May. The first couple was close to fifty, the latter in their mid-twenties. The two husbands went to a large chest at the back of the stage and selected large pinewood paddles such as one would find in a fraternity house. Meanwhile, the two women walked to the disks and took their places. The older brunette had shed her fur coat and stood in her leotards and pumps, with her arms folded across her bosom. The younger woman had on tight stretch pants that almost seemed to burst as she took some warmup dance steps.

The matron turned on the stereo and loud rock music burst forth. She then went over and touched the button which activated both the electric clock and the two disks. Immediately the two women began to dance, while the metal disks turned them to face their husbands and then brought them around to the audience. Each time they came around to their respective husbands, the men would soundly whack his wife's posterior with the paddle. When this happened, the women's eyes would widen, but they did not miss a step.

Each disk was timed to make a complete revolution every ten seconds, meaning that each wife would receive six swats per minute.

At the end of three minutes, the older woman was biting her lips to keep from crying out, her eyes wide and damp, beads of perspiration standing out on her forehead. Her pigtailed rival, whose ample proportions offered far greater range to her husband's paddle, was flushed, her eyes shining, with an ecstatic smile on her face as she continued to dance even more enthusiastically. She cried out each time her husband struck her, but would throw her head back in a look of indescribable rapture.

Both contestants were openly crying by the time seven minutes had elapsed. A few swats later, the older woman turned to her husband as he delivered another spank and pleaded "Oh, please, darling, not so hard!" As the next spank landed, she grabbed her rear with both hands and did a dance that had nothing to do with the one she was supposed to be doing. After the next, she acknowledged her defeat by jumping off the disk, sinking to her knees, bowing her head, and breaking into tears as she frantically rubbed her sore backside. The mistress of ceremonies jumped to her feet and promptly declared Brad and May the winners.

My date told me that this was merely an amateur performance — that the club record was thirty-one minutes and eighteen seconds. She confessed that she had tried to beat the record only last month herself but that she had chickened out after twenty minutes.

It was now time for the second part of the program. The mistress of ceremonies walked to the front of the closed-in stage to announce the conditions of this new contests in what might be described as masochistic endurance. It was, this time, for men — two men who endured a paddling at the hand of their wives. The two subjects were about twenty-five years apart in age, but it was the older man, whose wife was a statuesque, cold-featured woman in her late thirties, who defeated his rival by remaining on the disk over ten minutes.

Two more events were scheduled before the "free-for-all" would take place. The first was to settle an argument over whether a man or a woman could endure more pain. A goldenhaired woman in her early twenties was to punish her boyfriend, a bespeckled young man in his thirties, while another young man was to apply the swats to his young wife. The spankers in this case were allowed to choose whatever implement of chastisement they preferred — the woman doing the punishing chose to use a paddle, while the man used a long strap on his wife.

Although a record was played, neither contestant danced. They preferred to take their doses on bended knees. The strap made a snapping noise as it hit the woman's thinly-clad buttocks, as opposed to the steady smacking noise of the paddle. Both the man and the woman receiving the punishment showed a stoic determination, as neither had as much as cried out during the first five minutes.

However, the young man broke down in a hurry, and it was only a couple of minutes longer before he scrambled off the platform in tears. The woman embraced her husband to the cheers of the audience for her victory.

The last event was also a grudge match between two women I later learned to be lesbian roommates. To make sure they both got an equal dosage, they wanted the same person to do the paddling. They wanted to test whose endurance was strongest. The mistress of ceremonies was to do the honors. A hassock was placed on one side of the disk, and another directly across from it on the same disk. This way one person could apply equal punishment, each recipient receiving a swat every ten seconds, the matron applying one every five. Both girls were about twenty-five years of age. Both were brunnets, but one was rather plump, the other, far more beautiful, was tall and thin. Both had stripped down to bra and panties for their "test."

The mistress of ceremonies deliberated for a moment, and decided to use both a strap and paddle. She placed the strap on the floor beside her and commenced with the paddle. She spent five full minutes with the paddle on each, meaning both had received thirty hard swats to their thinly-clad bottoms. Neither

Continued on Page 68

Though it pains us, the truth must be told. Not all the girls pictured in this magazine are sweet, even-tempered lassies.

Which brings us to Betty Sanders. Take a look at Betty. Notice the hard, cruel lines about the eyes. That's the key.



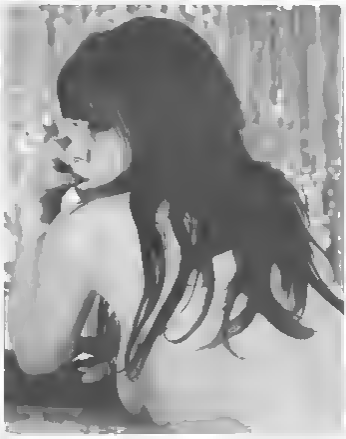
Big Time Bad News

Chick



She loves a physical guy — no long discussions for this girl

This chick bites



Betty used to be a sweet, even-tempered little thing. That, of course, was before she took to modeling. It didn't take this babe long to toughen up.

Getting her to pose presents problems. Getting her to smile presents problems. Getting her to shut up presents problems.

Why take all the trouble? She's one of America's leading models, that's why. There's dozens of sweet young things in modeling, but how many chicks come across like this one?

And, after all, it's a rare guy who doesn't like a bit of spice in his life.





OVERRIPE AND READY

Some chicks mature early. There's many a girl who fooled a guy looking twenty-one but being much younger.

Zesty Marge Marigold is such a chick. When she was thirteen, everybody took her to be at least fourteen; and now, at twenty-two, there are those who swear she couldn't be a day younger than twenty-three.

That's how it goes. Marge prefers it that way. She says she'd hate to be one of those girls who always look fifteen. They never are asked out on dates, and, come Halloween, they're always asked what their costumes will be.



Any time you meet a girl like this, hang on.


Her temper's matched only by her saltiness





She may be ready, but you'd never know it from her frown





Secret Agent

Fiction by Jeff Kilgore

"You have all the fun!" said Vicki Holstrom, lighting a cigarette. Her husband turned and regarded her.

The morning sun slanted in almost level rays across the street and into the balcony window of their hotel suite in Lisbon. Jefferson Holstrom, a graceful, well-dressed man of forty, sat astride a chair, smoking a cigar and — as we have said — looking at his wife as she stood gesticulating with her red-tipped cigarette. Her dark hair made a conical pile on her head and the effect was to make her white neck look ever more slender. There were pearls at her throat that were expensive — several strings of them. She was tall and her nose was arched proudly and she always held herself erect and aloof. At the moment — only her husband being present — she was dressed in a foundation garment, a one-piece creation in sleek black, with a wreath of white embroidered flowers making a pattern down her torso and diaphragm.

"You have all the fun!" she said.

"Men must work and women must weep! said Jefferson, lightly, running appreciative eyes over her supple tallness.

"Weep hell!" said Mrs. Holstrom emphatically. "When you told me that you were in the Secret Service and promised we'd go on exciting trips to foreign parts I never guessed at this! All I see is hotel bedrooms in Dublin, Paris, Madrid! I sit and smoke and you're out, dining with fascinating Russian spies, crossing swords with Ruritanian crown-princes, bargaining with sinister Chinamen or getting knocked on the noggin by one-eyed Turks! What am I supposed to do — knit samplers?"

"You don't knit samplers — you embroider them, darling!"

"The principle remains unaltered!" she said, sitting on the edge of the bed and stretching nylonsleek legs. "I want some action! Can't I even take notes of the secret naval treaty between the Rhubarb of Bedpan and the Banana of Terpsichore?"

He rose and sauntered over to her with feline grace and apparent nonchalance.

"There is no secret naval treaty," he smiled. "The only navel in which I have any interest . . ."

"Go away!" said Vicki, flinging off his embracing arm. "You bore me! Go and investigate the navel of one of your spies — that dancing girl at the theatre, for instance — she positively waves hers over the front rows of the stalls!"

"You should be jealous!" he teased — but she fended him off and rose, suppling her body before him, perfectly aware of the emotions reflected in his eyes. She began to dress, unhurriedly — the slow attiring of a beautiful woman with time on her hands. Jefferson sighed and lay back on the bed, hands behind his head.

"What precisely do you expect me to do?" he said, at last. "Give you a false beard and disguise you as a deep-sea diver?"

Vicki shook out her skirts and drew taunt a stocking.

"Put me on your pay-roll," she said. "Let me be a spy!"

He sat up quickly.

She stepped into her shoes, looking at him.

"Damn it, I'll give it a try!" he snapped, getting up suddenly.

"Darling! You don't mean it!" she screamed, running across to him.

"Why not?" he murmured, looking into her laughing eyes. "You might bring it off where others have failed."

"Let me try and — I'll be so nice to you your head will swim!" she said eagerly.

He lit another cigar.

"There is a man called Frawnoff," he said, thoughtfully. "It is a Russian name but he is not, as far as we know, a Russian. Once he was of Bessarabia but we think he was born in Istanbul and certainly his mother is of Lambeth. He worked for the Turks and he worked for the Bulgars and also — you remember the Talamanian Revolution? — he organized it! He is quite an organizer, Frawnoff!"

"Who does he work for now?" demanded Vicki.

"That I dare not tell you! Not even you! Suffice it to say that Frawnoff is now in Lisbon, openly and using his own name. He has in his possesion the draft of — but, no! To hint at it would be asking for death! We have to get it! He does not carry it upon his person. Two nights ago he was held up by robbers who searched him and failed to find it. One of the waiters at his hotel is in my pay. He searched Frawnoff's sittingroom and he said it is not there. He cannot tell us where — yesterday they found his body in the river."

"Do you mean Frawnoff had him killed?" gasped Vicki.

"We do not suppose it was a playful ducking," said her husband dryly. "It is therefore to be concluded," he went on, "that Frawnoff has the envelope in his bedroom. We tried to get the chambermaid to find it. But when she started searching Frawnoff came in and was so condescending as to show her a circular orifice in a piece of ordnance he carries beneath his armpit. She was so impressed by the possibilities of this simple and ingenious mechanism that she has sought employment in a different hotel. After that he makes a point of locking his bedroom door."

"What can I do where you have failed?" Vicki mourned.

"Ah, there you are! You want to be a spy, my lovely!"

She pondered.

"If I make his acquaintance —" she murmured.





She longs for a guy to call her own (from the song by the same name)







Maybe you would,

and maybe you wouldn't



It takes nerve to be her escort



When she says "do your own thing," watch out!





Her problem is not what you think



Cartoons



"Look, Marion, if we're not going to trust each other we might as well break the engagement right now!"



"Heavens! My Husband!"



"A very funny thing happened to me on my way to church this morning."



"You're needed down in the basement right now."



Her commission,

while sizable,

is not all she wants

BED TIME





Guys who flip her are usually guys with big ears

Her demonstrations are sure sellers



It's all in the wrists



The nice thing about going to bed is , well, there's actually many nice things about going to bed.

Presented herein is one of them Doris Fuller, long time favorite of the late-night weather show in Pembina, N. D., is a girl to whom going to bed is no small thing

Psychologists would attribute her sense of longing for the horizontal to a security thing Maybe More than likely, from a layman's point of view, this chick just likes to lie down

That may seem an oversimplification That's because it is an oversimplification The real reason this chick goes to bed four or five times a day is because she demonstrates beds for a furniture company

Isn't that perfectly innocent?

Here's hoping other furniture stores across the nation catch on to this noteworthy sales gimmick It can certainly move beds

Naturally, when Doris is at work she wears sufficient clothing for the situation Nothing would disturb a potential bed buyer more than to run across Doris, as pictured here, bouncing on a mattress without a care in the world

Who knows what that would do to sales



If you've got a mattress to sell, give Doris a ring

Her commission, while sizable, is not all she wants





She's Soft All Over







We're in an era of the tall, dry female. Look in all the fashion magazines. That tall, dracula type girl is what it's all about.

What's to become of all those soft, tiny little ladies that have proven so popular in the past?

They're still around, and, at last report, were doing ok for themselves. A few guys still like the type, and where there's life, there's hope.

And there's certainly life here.

Sally Ann Baskins thinks girls should be built — and not like boys.

"Who needs those skinny chicks featured in magazines? Any guy who digs something like that is really looking for a pretty boy."

That's a hardliner for you. Never willing to give anybody the benefit of the doubt.

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And if somebody shows her that her current position on a foreign affairs problem is nowhere, she absolutely cries out with joy.

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Naturally, to do this in today's competitive, hip society, Brenda had to expand her mind.

Expand it she did, and the results are certainly gratifying.

She earns a very good salary in a space industry complex in Southern California, and her spare time is spent in meetings of clubs on everything from Zoology to Political Science.

Has it paid off? Again, all we can offer is the visible evidence. You'll have to judge for yourself.



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She Prefers Cigars

A cigar may turn off the guy who asks her out

Is smoking bad for you? Evidence seems to indicate that it certainly is. But many people have a smoking habit, and it's not the easiest thing in the world to give up.

So people find substitutes. Instead of cigarettes, many men have turned to pipes and cigars.

And a few girls have done the same. Marian Freder smoked two packs a day; now she's cut down to six cigars.

"Never felt better in my life."

One strange thing has happened. Since she started smoking cigars, she's had an irresistible urge to strip every time she lights one up.

Are cigars phallic symbols?



She digs the feel of a hefty Havana



It's accepted for a lady to do that these days



Ace Swinger Gives Lessons



Here's a girl who put her social talents to work





Many people in today's uptight, inhibited society wants to swing. They know others are doing it, and they want to get in on the action.

It's all very reminiscent of the dance crazes of the fifties. In those days, everybody wanted to do the latest dances from Latin America, or wherever. Dance schools appeared all over the country to give lessons.

In today's society, capitalism has once again reared it's "for sale" sign.

Lovely, exotic, Dana Hollingsworth, ace Hollywood swinger, certified by the Sexual Prowess League, is giving lessons. She saw that today's market was crying for a School for Swingers, and she started the first one.

"I foresee a chain of Swinger's Schools across the nation, showing people how to relax and have a good time. It's a social need that must be met — and I'm the chick to meet it."

Well said, Dana. Her school opened in Los Angeles a month ago and it's going great guns.

Why not? People want to have fun, and if somebody can teach them how, they're willing to pay.

Who wouldn't?

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Secret Agent



you'd take me seriously! Why, he's the most dangerous man in the world!"

"He may be dangerous to spies and secret agents," said Vicki, but his danger to pretty women, though great, is not of a fatal kind My life is not in jeopardy but my virtue is unless I've misread all the signs!"

"I ought to shake you!" said her husband. "But still — it might work for all that! I shall have all the doors of the hotel watched after you go in. Then he won't be able to smuggle out your body and we can have the police catch him redhanded."

Vicki was making up her face ready to go to lunch.

"His ideas about my body don't include smuggling it out of the hotel," she said, with maddening coolness. "Quite the contrary."

Jefferson shrugged and put on his jacket

"You look like a different woman!" said Frawnoff, holding both her hands in his. "It really is you?"

"It is part of a woman's cunning to be different at all times," she smiled. "A man doesn't want the same woman — he wants a harem, voluptuous fellow!"

"But what a dress!" he admired.

She turned away, to strut and swing and turn and pose. "It's the first time I've worn it since I bought it in Paris."

It was an evening gown of oyster satin. It covered her shoulders yet left a wide triangle of creamy flesh above the valley of her bosom. It clung — and she had slim, athletic hips and each flank rippled as she turned on her high-heeled, golden sandals About her hips and waist the satin held be so close that the front was dimpled. To permit easy movement the skirt was slit far above the right knee. Silken tautness gleamed there. She laughed suddenly nervously, as he stood watching her and sat down quickly on a gilt sofa Frawnoff brought her a cigarette, noting the long, delicate lines of her legs and not missing the twin ridges that suggested the romance of gay garters. His impassive face failed to conceal the seething emotion in his eyes.

Vicki felt a wave of elation and mingled fear. As he bent over her to light her cigarette with a silver lighter she felt as if she had nothing on at all. To make conversation she said, "Is the champagne as good as this morning's brandy?"

"Let us find out!" he said.

As he walked over to the silver cooler Vicki saw for the first time that he was not, as she had originally thought, wearing a dinner-suit. It was black and satin and quilted and the slacks were also of satin. The slacks showed black silk socks and patent-leather pumps. But undeniably Mr. Frawnoff was in his pajamas . . .

"Pop!" observed the champagne bottle to anybody who was listening, and Mrs. Vicki Searle wasn't really listening. She was wondering just how far she would have to go before she had access to the bedroom and to the papers. It was increasingly obvious that Mr. Frawnoff had very definite notions about that bedroom and that those notions included herself. Equally obvious it was not part of his plan to leave her alone when they got there.

Life — and especially international espionage — was very difficult at times.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Frawnoff, handing her a glass in which diamonds appeared to flutter to the surface of molten gold

"Oh — well — a natural thought, perhaps! I was thinking about something my husband said — a remark about things being more difficult than the uninitiated might imagine."

Glasses to lips, facing one another close, their eyes locked.

"One would have thought," murmured Frawnoff, "that at this moment a woman would not be thinking of her husband"

She whispered. "Except, perhaps, to be grateful that he is elsewhere! In blissful ignorance!"

"Is such ignorance bliss? For myself I find my present situation the epitome of bliss! By the way — Mrs. Searle — what am I to call you?"

She thought quickly.

Then she laughed.

"Delilah," she said and nodded at him. "It really is, you know!"

He whispered. "I do not believe a word you say but I love your lies! Let it be Delilah! A fatal beauty! But I do not think you have much experience of being a femme fatale?"

She breathed. "There must be something about you, Frawnoff, to make me come to your rooms when never before have I dared commit such indiscretion!"

"I am honored, Delilah!"

Her lips were moist and shining with the wine, they were parted very slightly. Frawnoff, glass in hand, leaned forward a very little, his breath stopping. She did not move, her eyes took on a slightly glassy look, her lips went slack and for a second she looked faint.

Their mouths met . . .

Moments later Frawnoff's glass fell from his hand, spilled its contents and rolled on the thick carpet. Vicki's hands hung limply at her sides, her own glass spilling champagne on the hem of her long skirt before it too fell with a soft thud and rolled and pinged musically against the other Frawnoff's hands held her, slid slightly over her waist and the arch of her back. His mouth held hers as though by some magic Her head was reeling. The danger Jefferson had imagined was no danger at all compared to this. She was tremulous with languorous fire, giving her mouth unstintingly to Frawnoff's kiss.

His mouth left hers and both of them caught their breath. He began to whisper to her as he held her — flattering her, finding passionate,

poetic smiles for her charms — going on to say things that made her shudder with the utmost terror — the terror of knowing herself yielding to desire . .

She had never met a man like this — compounded of experience and diabolic skill as a lover. It was like being in the arms of the devil .

She drew away, laughing uncertainly. She sat down on the gilt sofa — then, remembering her role, she put up her feet and stretched her legs and lifted her arms.

Frawnoff said unsteadily. 'You have made your lovely dress damp with the wine!

She looked down, held up the hem, revealing for a moment a sleek, slim knee

"So I have!"

Their eyes met. His were pools of fire

Vicki licked her lips and then whispered. "If I weren't wearing so little underneath I could take it off!"

Frawnoff stood rigid as a soldier on parade.

Only his eyes gave his feelings away.

Vicki looked at the bedroom door . . .

'If I could withdraw for a moment . . . "

He cleared his throat.

"I cannot bear to have you absent," he said.

Vicki rose, her body lilting.

"If I am too long," she fluted softly, "you may come after me!"

She opened the inlaid double door, passed within and closed them again

She stood a moment with her back against the door. Her breasts heaved quickly.

One soft light burned on a bedside table The bed was a vast circle of black velvet It looked almost as if Mr Frawnoff had prepared the scene

Vicki took a deep breath Then — in the interests of producing a truthful picture in an emergency, she plucked with nervous, scarlet-tipped fingers at the fastenings of her evening gown, slid it down and stepped out of it wearing only one garment like a brief, shell-pink kilt She spread the dress over a chair as if to dry Then she turned her attention to the search for the papers.

Her heart was racing. Almost undressed she was alone in the bedroom If she were not quick enough he might find her in this attire. And, what scared her most was that she was wishing that this scene were not espionage but the real thing.

She went silently about, her tall gold heels quiet on the deep carpet. The wardrobe cupboard — the bedside table — the escritoire in the corner . . . Her fingers rifled through papers in the escritoire drawer. She tried the small drawers — nothing Yes — something — at the back of the right-hand upper drawer — a small knob like a marble. Vicki pushed — pulled — turned.

The little drawer came out as if on a spring She gave a sob. A thick roll of papers, tied with a scarlet tape, fell into her hand Hastily she pushed back the little drawer and had a bad moment while it refused. Then it gave — Vicki gasped in relief and turned, took two steps, picked up her dress and found herself facing Frawnoff. Behind him the door was open, the light streamed in. In his hands were full glasses of champagne.

He looked at the papers in her hand with dangerous, steely calmness

"So!" he said and put down the glasses with extreme care. Even in emergency Frawnoff would not waste good wine

"So! This is your idea! I begin to understand it all, Mrs. Delilah Searle! Well, well! I am not angry! Why should I be? I have still my papers! I have still your most attractive person! True — there is a little blow to my pride that it was not my beaux yeux that fascinated you — but I shall find solace for that in a most dramatic, pleasant and appropriate way!"

He locked the doors coolly and put the key in the pocket of his black pajamas. With a smile that was mostly a sneer he held out his hand.

"My papers, please, lovely lady!"

Vicki moved a little backwards She still had a vague hope of eluding him somehow.

He laughed, snatched at the dress she held before her. It came away, sank spreading on the carpet in a sea of oyster satin. Her beauty was revealing and her fluttering hands could not conceal it.

Frawnoff took a step toward her, grabbed the papers. She made one final effort to retain them, even at the cost of moving her hands from before her. But Frawnoff had them in his grip He took her bare arm, shook her roughly and flung her backwards on to the bed She lay with long, dangling legs, white against the jet black.

Frawnoff, suddenly entirely serious, put his papers on a side-table and came closer, bending over to look at her Her arms were spread— she was numb, hypnotized, unable to move hand or foot. Her hair had come loose and spread like waves on her naked shoulders.

He gave an ugly laugh and a shudder ran over her. But what she had feared was there now — horrified, she could only wait.

She looked at the man's cruel face with the queer scar Suddenly a strange incredible thing happened.

The face seemed to change, melt, like a joke face made of rubber. A hand picked at the scar and the scar came away — the hand plucked little pads from the cheeks — tugged the greying hair away to leave a sleek polish. The eyes lost their brooding, eagle droop. Then the whole face gathered itself together in the strangest manner, seeming to form from nothing a completely new face . .

"And now," asked Jefferson Holstrom, smiling at his wife, "have you learned the lesson? Will you keep yourself out of my professional affairs in the future?"

"You?" she cried, hysterically. "You! How could you play such a trick on me!"

He said "I loved it, darling! And now confess — so did you, didn't you?"

Vicki laughed, drunk with relief and excitement

"Yes — yes — if it had been Frawnoff —"

"What do you think would have happened?" asked Jefferson, bending over her.

She wound her arms up around his neck like swift, bare tendrils.

"This, darling!" she gasped, huskily, dragging him down beside her. She turned towards him lithely on the black cover and whispered: "Let's go on pretending!"

"Oh, Delilah!" laughed Jefferson softly.

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Finally, these early wanderers decided to leave their women home and go it alone Soldiers took whores with them instead of virgins, and sailors — well, we've all heard *those* stories

At home, the virgins were charged with guarding not only their own virtue but the property of their men as well It's little wonder that they soon realized what a colossal hoax the virginity business had been It is exactly here that the emancipation of the female began Logically enough, it all started in the Scandinavian countries, but centuries later it also took a firm hold on a wonderful little town called New Bedford (no pun) for the same reason — all the healthy, money-grubbing men had gone down to the sea in ships and the chicks weren't about to play like bossie while they were gone

In Scandinavia the approach was honest and straightforward Everybody liked the property, whether money or cows, and a deal was made The men collected the stuff and the women guarded it while the men were getting more A team effort was established where everyone worked together and nobody owned anyone else. Thus the property became communal and virginity became communal, too

And, as any hippy will tell you, a communal virgin ain't gonna be very chaste for very long

Virginity practiced for neurotic reasons has been pretty passe in Scandanavia for centuries Dowries were discarded, bride prices were avoided, and men and women began to get together for pleasure and practicality An institution called "trial marriage" was even begun so that both man and woman could determine how well they got along together After all, if a guy was going to run all over the place collecting loot, he had to know that he had a trustworthy woman back home to watch the stuff for him Money, obviously, was more important than modesty, and the boys from the north soon decided that, faced with the choice, they'd take the pure gold over the pure girl any day

In New Bedford, on the other hand, the approach to this same problem was in the form of a rather nicely contrived lie which could only have survived as long as it did in a thoroughly Puritan community.

All the girls in New Bedford were virgins — of course And all the married women were *absolutely* true to their whaling husbands The fact that the illegitimate birthrate was phenomenal had nothing to do with the matter It was explained in a very logical way and everyone believed it There were a lot of evil spirits around, that's all They were doing nasty things and nobody was able to stop them Besides, everyone knew the devil was a horny guy and that a nice girl could be overpowered by him without even a fighting chance.

An example of this thinking is the case of Abigail Deams who, even after giving birth to three (very different looking) children, was still officially a virgin on her wedding day when she united in Holy Matrimony to a local whaler Abigail was really true blue as everyone know She had just had a few bad run-ins with evil spirits, that's all.

Where women are considered property like cows and are carefully watched, the whole idea of virginity becomes extremely important. When the property begins to get shared by men and women or when the men can't collect it and watch it, too, the idea of chastity begins to crumble

Obviously, most men could look over their property. The Vikings and the American whalers were isolated examples of people forced to get it one place and store it another Farmers and cattlemen, on the other hand, could keep a weather eye on their herds and harems at all times

This might have kept up forever if it hadn't been for Eli Whitney and

a few other men like him Whitney invented the cotton gin The British loom was invented at about the same time These two machines and a couple others like them started the Industrial Revolution which, in turn, began a slow social deterioration called the Sexual Revolution

BW (Before Whitney) women remained virgins because they had no choice Mom and Pop were around all the time guarding the property and their daughters were usually confined to a farmhouse in the boondocks AG (After the Gin) these girls could leave the farm to get jobs in the cities which paid them money and which also allowed them a certain freedom from parental and small town restrictions.

At this point, old ideas clashed with new. Girls who worked in factories may have been nice, but they were not *thought* to be nice They formed a new social class of womanhood which fell between the old extremes of virgin and whore, but they leaned very definitely toward the latter

Because of the factory girls, attitudes were split regarding virginity. Being no dummies about the situation, men wanted to play around with the factory girls After all, they didn't cost anything and they were usually country bumpkins ripe for a smooth pitch However, these same philandering dandies still insisted upon paying the marriage price and getting virgin brides in return. It was a two-way sexual dichotomy all over the world and remained that way until the untimely death of Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his consort in June of 1914.

When the poor guy was shot, the First World War started and the cannon on the front not only blasted holes in men and tanks, but in all the so-called standards of society as well. Cows, property, status, nobility — yes even virginity — went down the tube during WW I Women got jobs, the vote, freedom, the works — to the point where the flapper of the Roaring Twenties was a cigarette smoking, gin swilling hippy who "put out" when and with whom she wanted yet still managed to get married by using a very clever device that earlier women had never thought of

When it came to the legitimate proposal, this Modern Millie, did her New Bedford sisters one better by claiming that she had really been a virgin all along — at least in heart The guy who had ruined it all had seemed so sincere and had promised so much that, weak and faminine as she was, she believed him Now, of course, she realized that he had been a bounder and a cad, but he *had* promised marriage and

Thus, was born the half-virgin or the there-was-only-one man-before-you-and-I-thought-it-was-for-love-until-he proved-to-be-a-bastard girl She lived and thrived as a social phenomenon who was both "understood" and "forgiven" by her kindhearted bridegroom simply because he didn't know what else to do

This do-it-but-don t-get-caught-and-if-you-are-caught-white-lie-out-of-it attitude persisted through World War II when again the guns roared and again the Establishment blew up in the faces of the older generation

Women again worked in factories, but this time they were called patriots instead of prostitutes They began to make more of their own money and thus completely broke from their previous status of domestic cow

At last they were bona fide people and, as such, began to understand two things first, people love to love, and second, a smart chick could have her wedding cake and eat it, too

This double consumption of wedding cake was based on an idea called community property No longer did the man control all, the women owned half of everything and, as we have seen, virginity can't survive if men don't control everything

Women are now as free as men and the average guy doesn't even have a cow to milk If he wanted one, he'd have trouble keeping it in his apartment, but he could probably find it a lot faster than he could a virgin

The sob sisters and sexual reactionaries may think the situation is a sad state of affairs, and the moderns may rationalize it all by talking about the pill or premarital experience, but the fact is it's still a pretty bovine matter

For a cow who doesn t give milk ain't worth its feed, and even the ancients knew that virgins — at least sexually — were no good to themselves or anyone else

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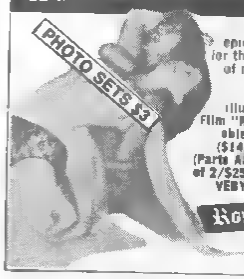
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had uttered a cry, each determined to prove that she could take more punishment than the other.

Now the dominating mistress picked up the thick strap and began belaboring the girls with it. The plumper woman began to moan a little after a few minutes of the sharper pain of the strap. By the time the two had received sixty strokes of the strap, the plumper girl was in tears, and the mistress of ceremonies took five minutes off to rest her arm

When she resumed she had gone to the chest to pick up a flexible rattan cane which bit into the girls with a snap. After only two minutes of the springy cane, the plumper woman rolled off the disk in agony. Despite such a grueling ordeal, the other girl had not shed a single tear.

It was now time for the free-for-all, and my hostess suggested that unless I wanted to participate, we had better leave Not one to be aroused by such harsh stimulation, I decided on the latter. As we drove home, she explained to me that nothing sexual took place during the free-for-all — unless you consider the fact that many people are aroused by nothing more than the application of corporal punishment. She assured me that the pleasure of discipline was the chief feature of the club. There were, to be sure, some rather overt affairs of wife-swapping, and possibly an occasional instance of Lesbian domination resulting as the aftermath of these little "get-togethers" but thus far discretion and careful screening of the applicants had prevented any notoriety of flagrant sexual tangents. She spoke of the activities of the club as "not really much, more or less, when all is said and done, than a good gym workout at the club or a Swedish massage. It tones you up and gives you a zestful outlook. At least, that's what it does to me."

Yet as a phenomenon of our times, the existence of this "spankathon club" surely deserves notation as being a highly sophisticated expression of the "hip" philosophy which characterizes, more and more, so much of our current emotional behaviorism. ✱



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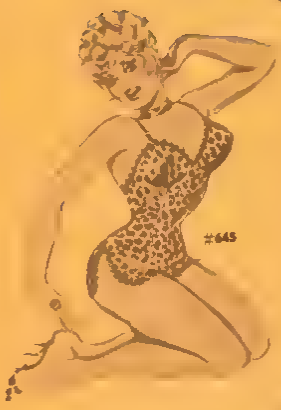
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